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# All Correct.



## Sensational Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS,

BY C. WINTER.

.....

PRINTED FOR STAGE USE ONLY.

A Suit for Damages will be Instituted for every Unauthorized  
Production of this Play.

—————

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“ALL CORRECT,”

—AN—

AMERICAN  
SENSATIONAL COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

BY C. WINTER,

34  
ROCK ISLAND, - - ILLINOIS.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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<i>Charles Smart</i> .....	Clerk at a Hotel.
<i>John Diedrickshofen</i> .....	Porter at a Hotel.
<i>Jenny</i> .....	Chambermaid at a Hotel.
<i>Johnson</i> .....	A Cigar Manufacturer.
<i>Frank Short</i> .....	A Railroad Engineer.
<i>Mrs. Schwartz</i> .....	A Washerwoman.
<i>Clara Holmes</i> .....	Her Adopted Daughter.
<i>Mrs. Roseberry</i> .....	A wealthy Widow.
<i>Isaac Stine</i> .....	A Banker.
<i>Arabella</i> .....	His Daughter.
<i>Myers</i> .....	A Broker.
<i>Turner</i> .....	A Reporter.
<i>Fred Holmes</i> .....	A Retired Speculator.
<i>Casper Holmes</i> .....	His brother from the Bonanza Mines.
<i>Scheppe, alias Count Schdleuburg</i> .....	} Guests.
<i>A Policeman</i> .....	
<i>A Waiter</i> .....	

## “ALL CORRECT.”

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ACT I.—SCENE I.—Hotel Life.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—A Disturbed Picnic.

ACT III.—SCENE I.—The Banker's Parlor.

ACT III.—SCENE II.—On the verge of Ruin or Rejected,

ACT IV.—SCENE I.—The Fair warning at the Railroad Bridge.

ACT V.—SCENE I.—All Correct.

*The Scene is placed in a Western City of the United States during the Panic of 1873.*

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Office of a Hotel, bar, right U. E ; desk, R. I. E. ; tables and chairs, L. doors C., R. and L.

When curtain rises, *Jenny*, broom in hand, is sweeping, C., *John* is sitting asleep in a chair behind the bar.

JENNY—(Sweeping.) I've got tired long since to work for others. At a hotel, though, it might do. Here, I am a little more my own master ; but to serve as maid of all work in a family where the lady of the house rings the bell every five minutes as if she was in hysterics. No, this wouldn't do for me, I ain't green enough for that. I want to be independent—have my regular going out days,—tra, la, la, la.

*John*, rising from his chair, passes round from behind the bar, coming down stage C, behind *Jenny*.

JENNY—When the master of the house is getting a little troublesome by showing his feelings we may overlook that, but—.

JOHN—(*Embracing Jenny from behind, turning her*

*round and kissing her.*) Ha, ha! The early bird catches the worm!

JENNY—(*Swinging broom.*) You nasty, good-for-nothing creature you. When I get after you, you'll see.

JOHN—After myself? I do not allow ladies to go back on myself. Ladies every time have got the first start of me, particular ven dey all so nice as you are, Miss Shenny.

JENNY—Oh, you get away, you blatherskite. You had better save your daintiest for the fat cook. You are sweet on her, anyhow.

JOHN—Dis is pure imashination from you. But I say, you will go to the picnic viz me this afternoon, any how. You will?

JENNY—You are a very troublesome man.

JOHN—Vell, mine heart dosh overflow. I cannot help that, but I mean it well! It ish all correct!

JENNY—I don't trust no man. They are all deceitful.

JOHN—Exshept myself! I will be true to you till the lasht day of shudshement—but you must go to the picnic viz myself.

JENNY—Well, I don't care, but only if I get my new hat from the millinery store, at half past twelve. I will see whether it is ready.

JOHN—I will escort you, it ish shoost in my dinner time, if you will allow me?

JENNY—Is that so? Well then I *will* allow you to escort me but only if you pay the bill. Then I'll see if you truly love me?

JOHN—Truly loaf you? Of course. (*Aside.*) This is very hard in fact! (*Aloud.*) My dearest Shenny, my heart beats like a hammer on the anvil on account of the expectation, whether that hat is ready or not. (*Aside.*) I will have to make a pleasant face to the music. (*Kissing Jenny.*)

Enter from L, Charles, Exit Jenny.

CHARLES—What, have you got to stand about gossiping here early in the morning? I'll make you attend to your business, John, you go up to room No.

12 to call the gentleman, who wants to leave by the eight o'clock train, and now it is very near seven. Didn't I tell you before to call him early?

JOHN—So, oh! Vell all right. —[Exit John.

CHARLES—(*Goes behind the desk, taking up paper.*)  
Frightful dull business this, to watch the porter and chambermaid. Is this the goal of my ambition—after having got a college education at Yale—to become a hotel clerk? Let me see whether I cannot find anything better to employ my time. I'll become a lawyer. I'll serve as a clerk first, read law, and then go into partnership with another lawyer. He'll attend court. I'll attend the office and rope in the clients. I'll soak it into them, you bet! It'll work like a charm, and we make money. I'll write an advertisement right away for a prospective partner. May be there is one in the paper. (*Reads.*)

Enter Holmes, (with carpetbag in hand,) and Scheppe.

HOLMES—Good morning—I want a room.

SCHEPPE—But the best in the house, it is for my friend and myself.

CHARLES—You can have that, gentlemen, if you pay the price for it.

HOLMES—How much is it?

CHARLES—Two dollars per day, meals extra.

SCHEPPE—I'll register for both of us.

(Writes in register.)

HOLMES—Hurry up, I am tired, and so are you. We'll rest a couple of hours. I do not feel quite well, my friend. A travel like that from San Francisco here fatigues me too much. Yes, when I went to San Francisco in sixty-one to try my luck in the gold mines I was a better man then. (*To Charles.*) Well, show us our room.

CHARLES—Very well, gentlemen, (*Turns to go with Holmes, L. W. E.*) I'll show you the room.

SCHEPPE—Now I have got him where I want him.

Exit Charles, Holmes and Scheppe—Enter Myers and Johnson; Re-enter John.

MYERS—Good morning, John, is breakfast ready?

JOHN—No, why, it is only a quarter to seven.

MYERS—This is very bad, according to my appetite it might have been eight o'clock, for all I know.

JOHN—You ought to have a better time-piece, then.

JOHNSON—A philosopher like you, ought to be able to stand patiently the cravings of an appetite.

MYERS—This don't agree with my system of philosophy, and it is the most desirable part of it. I eat to live, but you live to eat.

JOHNSON—You love to cultivate the bubbles of the stock-market, and to take in people for fancy stock.

JOHN—Better than to get cigars manufactured that are of as doubtful a quality as your views are on philosophy. (*They both sat down to the table. L. W. E.*)

MYERS—(*Taking a flask out of his pocket.*) I say, John.

JOHN—Well, vat is up?

MYERS—I have got the agency for a Cincinnati wine-house, tip-top, you bet. Here is my card. If your boss asks about your opinion as to this wine, recommend it, and if I make a good sale it will not be to your disadvantage.

JOHN—I'll see what I can do for you.

MYERS—Where I don't do anything Old Nick's grandmother can go begging. (*Taking a flask out of his carpetbag, handing it to John.*) Here is a stuff that can't be beat—genuine importation. Recommend that—

JOHN—(*Tasting it.*) Patz kuckuck Beg your pardon, are the proprietors of your firm Jews or Christians?

MYERS—How do you come to ask that question?

JOHN—I'll tell you presently.

MYERS—Well, since you, curious fellow, want to know, they are Christians.

JOHN—Well, I thought so. Baptists, probably, for this wine is baptised at least two times, ha, ha, ha.

MYERS—You are one of those smart chaps, who hear the grass grow.

JOHN—With such imported miserable shtuff you must not come to anyone who undershtands anything about it.



MYERS—(*Taking out another flask.*) Well, try this sample of Kelly Island. The best ever grown on American soil. (*Offers flask.*)

JOHN—This might pass a little better.

*Enter Turner.*

TURNER—How are you, John?

JOHN—So, so. Thanks, and how are you?

TURNER—Thank you, I feel below par, have suspended specie and any other payments. I need funds, and would like to ask you whether you would buy any tickets for this evening's performance of my play. You shall have them at half price.

JOHN—I don't need any! Your mother-in law keeps you pretty tight, I suppose Mr. Turner?

TURNER—You've got more cheek than a government mule to ask such questions. (*Looking over the hotel register.*) Count Schulenburg of whom I heard so much—a distinguished arrival—he certainly takes a couple of tickets.

JOHN—He arrived with a stranger half an hour ago. They both took a room together.

TURNER—I must see the Count.

JOHN—You'll have time for that yet after breakfast.

TURNER—(*To Myers.*) Do you wish to buy any tickets for the theatre?

MYERS—Do they play tragedy or comedy?

TURNER—A local piece, whose author I have the honor to be.

MYERS—Young man, after the battle of every day life my mind is directed to the ideal. I am in for the classic drama—I only care about Shakespeare's tragedies.

JOHNSON—Then you ought to see the farce. It is a mere tragedy.

TURNER—Don't believe a word of it, sir, he is only jealous because he hasn't written the piece.

MYERS—Jealous! Why, that's good! ha, ha, ha!

JOHN—Oh, by Joe! I almost forgot. Mr. Turner there is a letter for you. 'On the envelope is printed, "From the Editor of the Ledger."

TURNER—The reply for my contributions. I bet you there is a check for them enclosed.

JOHNSON—I'll bet you there ain't. If I am mistaken I'll buy two tickets, but you must let me read the letter.

TURNER—Very well, here is the letter. But first the dollar for the tickets, if you please.

JOHNSON—(*Handing him a bill, taking letter reads:*)

DEAR SIR—Your so-called original articles all declined, they having appeared in print before. We object to any further communication being sent by you to us. Yours, THE EDITOR.

JOHNSON—Correct. Here you have got your letter back. You'll probably not put it into your scrap-book.

TURNER—(*Aside.*) Correct as blazes. My cursed luck again. (*To Johnson.*) The original articles published before are written by me for the papers, and I had a right to republish them in another paper. Of course they didn't know that.

MYERS—A good excuse, that.

TURNER—Here is my card, send it up to the Count, please, I have some very urgent business yet in this neighborhood—am in a hurry—have got to take up several items yet for the *Observer*. Oh, we gentlemen of the press are the busiest folks on earth. We entertain and instruct the public. We give the news before it has even happened.

JOHN—Yes, because you have your nose in everybody's business. Verdammter Kerl.

A gong is heard behind the scenes,

TURNER—I'll go to breakfast and be back in a minute.

MYERS—Ah, breakfast is ready.

JOHNSON—This joke was a good stimulant for my appetite. I bet you the landlord will make precious little on my board to-day.

Exit Myers, Johnson and Turner, [L]—Enter Frank Miller, [C] carpetbag in hand.

FRANK—I wish to engage a room.

JOHN—All right, sir, will you register?

FRANK—(*Writing, then looking over the book.*) Casper Holmes! Strange, an old esteemed friend of mine, whom I haven't seen for years, and would not have expected him here.

JOHN—Mr. Holmes arrived about a half an hour ago.

FRANK—I'll see him presently.

JOHN—Breakfast is ready!

FRANK—Meanwhile you may send up this card.

JOHN—I'll bring it up myself.

Enter Charles, [R.]

JOHN—This gentleman wants a room.

CHARLES—Show him up to No. 13.

JOHN—(*Aside.*) Thirteen is an unlucky number.  
(*Aloud.*) All right, sir.

Exit John and re-enters immediately, [R].

JOHN—I say, mister, I just passed room No. 17, where the two strangers are, when I heard a curious gurgling sound, then everything was as quiet as a beer-saloon on Sunday. I runs to the door and looks through the key-hole an' vat you thinks I see? The young shap leaning over the old man, who was lying on the sofa with eyes shut down.

CHARLES—Well, that's very simple. Maybe he was taking a nap.

JOHN—Dunder and blitzen, but I tells you he looked out like one fellow which takes his last nap. And the stranger leaned over him, and den he looked around as if he had done somethings bad.

CHARLES—Pshaw! What do we care about it. The two gentlemen arrived together. Why, they are intimate friends.

JOHN—Of course you know better. (*Aside.*) I'll be hung if that pocket-book that the stranger hid so slyly didn't belong to the old man.

CHARLES—John, I mean well by you, and give you the good advice, "Mind your own business." I'll go to breakfast now, you tend the desk for a few minutes.

Exit Charles, [L].

JOHN—Mind your own business vell I remember the school-master told me that once ven he laid me over the bench and whipped me because I had run to a fire instead of going to school. I feel curious to find out vat ish the matter mit dat pocket-book of the old man, anyhow.

Enter Sheppe, [K].

SCHEPPE—Go and fetch a doctor, my friend has become ill very suddenly, and I fear there is danger in delay.

JOHN—So, oh? ah, yes. I know it already, sir.

SCHEPPE—What do you know? And what do you mean?

JOHN—One quarter of an hour back, the old man was stretched out on the sofa as stiff, and pale like a ghost, and you were bent over him taking care of him, wasn't you, Count?

SCHEPPE—How in the devil could you see all that?

JOHN—Dot ish very, very simple madder. I was looking through that key-hole.

SCHEPPE—And what else did you see?

JOHN—(*Aside.*) I won't tell about that pocket-book. (*To Scheppe.*) Nothing, Count.

SCHEPPE—How dare you spy around doors? I'll tell the proprietor of the hotel.

JOHN—Vell, you sees Mister Count, I am learning the profession of a detective, and the spying round belong to that you know. How could I know you wash in dot room before I looked in? De other day I cotshed a thief in a room. He wash shust drawing a watch from under de pillow of a guest dot was asleep, ven I comes in like lightning and I grabbed him by the collar and bound him fast with a towel until the police made their appearance. The stranger gave me one good drink—geld.

SCHEPPE—Why, you are a devil of a fellow. Here, take this. (*Hands him a bank note.*)

JOHN—Vill the Count take the breakfast! It is on the table.

SCHEPPE—Not yet. I have to send off an important telegram. Is there a telegraph office in the neighborhood?

JOHN—Oh, yes, quite near. You turns one corner to the left, then you goes to the right, then to the left, then you turn to the right and walk straight on ten blocks till you come to a peanut-stand to the left, and go into the big building where the wires run into.

SCHEPPE—All right! Yes, yes. Well, attend the errand to the doctor, I'll be back pretty soon. I want to go up stairs, I forgot something. (*Aside. He is a blamed fool.*)

Exit Scheppe, [R.]

JOHN—Oh, what a pity dis is, that I cannot run after him and watch him. He looks to me like one rascal in fine clothes.

Re-enter Johnson and Myers, [L.]

MYERS—(*To John.*) Cigars my old sort—ten cents. (*John places a box before him.*)

JOHNSON—(*Tips on box.*) I am the maker of this fragrant weed. that you like so well, and yet you talk flippently about my cigars.

MYERS—Well, i didn't know, I take back all I've said about your cigars.

JOHN—(*To Charles.*) The old man of number seventeen is sick and his companion just said he needs one doctor. I'll go to fetch one if you think its necessary.

CHARLES—Well, you may go.

MYERS—(*To Charles*) Well, then you'll say a good word to your boss about my Kelly-Island.

CHARLES—Yes my friend, of course I will; (*aside*) those traveling Agents are an awful set, they are worse than mosquitoes.

Re-enter Turner [L.] Enter Frank [C.]

FRANK—(*To Charles.*) Well, did you send up my card? What is the answer?

CHARLES—The gentleman is very sick.

JOHN—Not one Doctor can help the old stranger in number seventeen.

FRANK—What stranger?

CHARLES—Mr. Holms, whom you wanted to see.

JOHN—He got sick and I guess it is apoplexy. He is not by himself.

CHARLES—There are cases of heart disease coming on quite suddenly and resulting in the death of the patient; he complained when he arrived.

FRANK—I *must* see him, heaven help that it may not be too late yet!

E. Frank, [R.]

CHARLES—(*To John.*) What are you waiting for? Why didn't you bring up the trunk to number thirteen as I told you before—hurry up.

JOHN—All right, sir. (*Puts trunk on shoulder.*) Pshaw, that is heavy, I wish we had an elevator machine. (*Going to door C.*)

Re-enter Sheppe. Paul leaning against John. John dropping the trunk.  
Paul hopping on one foot.

SCHEPPE—Fool be a little more careful. Did you call the doctor?

JOHN—Look a here, I won't shtand very mush fool ishness you pet! You run against me when I carries a trunk, this is againsht the rules and regulations of this house.

SCHEPPE—(*To Charles.*) Well, you send for the Doctor; I will be back presently.

Exit Scheppe, [C.]

TURNER—Arrival of a rich California traveler—sudden death—that's a big item, I am going to scoop all the other papers. I always got three columns of news that *might* have happened, on band, but this is better.

JOHN—So? And don't gou forget this traveling companion what run against me and made me drop that trunk. I would not trust him for one glass of lager beer, you pet.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

A pic nic ground. A stand on R. Tables and chairs [R and L] Bar L N E.  
When curtain rises Jenny is sitting vailed on a bench, [L]  
E. Enter Johnson, [R.]

JOHNSON—(*Advancing towards her.*) Ah, there is an answer to my matrimonial advertisement. Why, you are sitting right in the sun light. Won't you move a little more to the right in the shade, please? (*Aside.*) How bashful she is; of course she can't know who I am, and that I am not one of those spooney mashers, who regard it a joke to embarrass ladies. I must try in another tone. I think I'd better come more direct to the point, (*coughing.*) Madam,



the motive of your presence is perhaps not quite unknown to me. (*She moves away from him on the bench.*) You may rest assured ma'm, that I have not the least intention to inconvenience you; should I be mistaken in your person, however, I ask kindly your pardon.

JENNY—I don't know—I don't understand you—What do you want of me anyhow?

JOHNSON—Only to ask you whether this park is the destination of your promenade?

JENNY—It is, Sir.

JOHNSON—Your bashfulness, however, prevents you from saying more. This is very natural. But what do you say, Madam, if I tell you that the person you intended to meet is standing just before you.

JENNY—Will you be good enough to let me alone. Besides, I am no Madam, but single. I am directrice of the [chamber] department of a hotel and I am waiting for my beau. (*Exit Jenny.*)

JOHNSON—Oh, then I must beg your pardon ten thousand times for having unintentionally insulted you; I thought—I (*lookiny up and seeing that she has left*) Oh, how stupid I was. But who is coming here? Quite a frigate, full rigged man-of war, but she may be a very good person in spite of that. Ha! it's my Aunt. she carries the bouquet, all according to my advertisement. It is time for me to skip. Whoa, Emma! (*Exit Johnson.*)

Enter Charles and Turner Society with Banner.

CHARLES—Gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens! As President of the Turner Society I bid you all welcome. The whole world is nothing but a grand Turner Society. When we enter the world our arrival is supposed to be a good turn-out, consequently it is made the occasion of a big turn-out. We then exercise our judgment in learning to walk. At school we take a new turn. At the bar of life we swing ourselves upward, and at last we take the grand turn into the grave. In this regard the whole world is an Athletic Club, therefore bring three cheers for the Turners. Hip, Hip, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Charles and the Turners go to the Bar.

CHARLES—Make a good report of my speech in the "Observer" and I'll treat. I want to make myself popular because I'll run for Council next Fall.

TURNER—All right, I'll attend to it. Oh, by the bye—can you oblige me by the loan of five dollars, I have got a little bill to meet to-morrow.

CHARLES—Five dollars? That's more than I can spare. Well, my friend, take this dollar, but make it good, you know. (*Exit Charles.*)

Enter Myers and John, arm in arm.

MYERS—Then you are a communist, I understand?

JOHN—Dot ish vot i was. All men are equal and their property schall be dishtribooted equal. (*They walk up to the bar.*) Give us two lager, no, vat I want is a glass lager for the whole crowd of beebles, a treat allround. Come in boys, take a smile mit myself.

MYERS—That's communism with a vengeance. This time you are the dupe, John, and no mistake.

JOHN—Never minds. Donner wetter take your beer. Gesundheit! I'll give you a song now.

MYERS—Here is to our Dutch friend John, may his shadow never grow less.

Song by John.

BARKEEPER—Thirty glasses of beer is one dollar and fifty cents.

JOHN—Myers, I say, schoost pay dat little pill for me. I forget to take some money along, but you got a two dollar bill shanged a few minutes ago.

MYERS—What? I won't do it. If you want to treat you got to pay yourself.

JOHN—So? Vell you see I am communist. I have no money but you have some; I ordered first and you took drinks with me, so you got to pay that pill. Vell, what is der madder mit you, vat do you wait for?

MYERS—Look here, my friend. I guess its a long time since you had rare beefsteak on your face.

JOHN—No indeed, but it is a devilish long time since I drank such sheap beer. You see, this ish vat I call practical communism, when the fellow who has got some money pays and we all drink for nothing. This time you was the fool.



MYERS—Well, well, you are a funny fellow. No one can have a grudge against you. Never mind, all this goes at the expense of the house of Cheatem, Smearburg & Co., who must foot the bill.

Exeunt Myers and John L. Enter Turner and Scheppe, R.

TURNER—Ah! Count, how are you?

SCHEPPE—Good day, Mr. Turner.

SCHEPPE—Oh! What I want to say—yes—did you see already Miss Holmes whom I spoke to you about?

TURNER—She will come to the pic nic here this afternoon.

SCHEPPE—Excellent. (*Aside.*) One of the richest heiresses in town without her knowing it. Yes, if I had not relieved the old man of his pocket-book just before he doused his glim——

TURNER—I believe there she comes with her step-mother.

SCHEPPE—All right, you will introduce me afterwards; we'll take a walk through the park meanwhile and review the girls.

TURNER—But how is it Count. You a European nobleman, seek the acquaintance of a girl like Miss Holmes, who is nothing but a dress-maker living in a humble station of life.

SCHEPPE—A whim if you please. I take a little interest in her, you know—*en passant*, I like changes you know, *changez les dames*. But we must meet as if by chance and then you introduce me. Wait here for me. (*Exit Scheppe, L.*)

Enter Jenny, (R.)

TURNER—How are you Miss Jenny? You here too? Well, this is very nice. Can I have the pleasure of keeping you company?

JENNY—I don't know how I come to this honor.

TURNER—Time will be heavy on your hands if you stand here all the afternoon; take a seat with me a moment.

JENNY—You are too obliging Mr. Turner.

TURNER—Ah, you know my name?

JENNY—Yes.

TURNER—You certainly have read my Sunday Review?

JENNY—Pshaw, what do I care about reviews? I know you from quite a different occasion.

TURNER—How is that? You surprise me in the most approved style. May I ask to what occasion I am indebted for your acquaintance? I really can't remember— seems to me I have seen your pretty face before, though.

JENNY—It is very simple. The other day I took a promenade with John——

TURNER—Who is John?

JENNY—Why, he is my beau! Have you any objections to that? Well, John is head porter at the Union Hotel. *John*, when seeing you on the street, pointed you out to me, saying: "That scamp there owes me five dollars yet that he borrowed while boarding at the Hotel. That's how I come to know you.

TURNER—Ah, yes! Well, that's a trifle, we needn't quarrel about that. (*Aside.*) If I only could play a trick to John. (*To Jenny.*) We'll have some fun this afternoon, will you stay until the concert commences? and then I'll take a buggy and we'll drive out in the country.

JENNY—But I won't, I want to stay here and dance.

Enter John, (C) staggering drunk, comidg down stage behind Turner.

TURNER—Let me be your beau this afternoon?

JENNY—Pshaw, I don't care.

JOHN—(*Jumping between Jenny and Turner.*) So? But I does. Here you'll get, verdammtter kerl.

TURNER—Let go, Sir, or you suffer the consequences. I have nothing to do with you.

JOHN---But I mit you. Pay me my five dollars or I'll take it out of your hide.

JENNY---You needn't be jealous, John, of that little dandy.

JOHN---First pay me those five dollars you owe me, or——

JENNY—(*Jumping between both*) No quarrel here. John leave him alone. (*Exit Turner L.*)

JOHN—I want my five dollars. (*Looking up.*) Ha, he has gone, donnerwetter. But why did you leave me wait so long? I got tight in the meantime.

JENNY—You needn't tell me that, anybody can see it; shame on you! I won't go with a drunken fellow.

JOHN—Oh, it ish not so bad. I could shtill dance a waltzer mit you.

JENNEY—But I want now to sober you up. A bottle of soda for myself and you take a lemonade. (*They set down at a table, L.*)

JOHN—(*Knocks on the table.*)

JENNY—Don't knock so loud; people look at you, in contempt.

JOHN—So!

Enter Waiter.

JENNY—A bottle of soda and a lemonade.

JOHN—Well, I don't care if I do takes one. Ho, Waiter, a soda, and a lemonade mit a shtik in it for me. (*Waiter goes to bar and returns with drinks.*)

JOHN—Pshaw, I am not used to this kind of stuff. This is not as good as lager.

JENNY—Now let us take a walk through the garden or you might fall asleep.

JOHN—O, I don't care, you cannot flatter me this way, you pet. Himmel donner-wetter noch emol! I am not so drunk but what I can sing and dance yet. (*Exeunt John and Jenny, L.*)

Enter Frank, Clara and Mrs. Schwartz.

FRANK—If I had known that my truest friend, Mr. Holmes, was a protector and father to you, I would have much sooner endeavored to form an acquaintance with you, Miss Holmes, and if I had had to cross the whole continent.

CLARA—When a poor orphan I came into his house at New Orleans. Before that time I had stood helpless in the world, a victim of the most abject misery and poverty. I can hardly remember my parents whom death robbed me of in my earliest childhood. An old Irishman took me in his house. The poor old man and his aged wife had hardly anything to live on for themselves. When I got older I had to earn my own living peddling soap and matches from house

to house. It was a scanty bread and I am shuddering still when I think of those days. One day during my wanderings I came into the house of Mr. Holmes. He had pity with me and adopted me. A few years later the war of the rebellion broke out down South. Mr. Holmes strongly sympathized with the Union and only by sudden flight he was enabled to save his life. Since then I never have heard of him again. His hard-hearted brother drove me out of the house, which he claimed as his own. Mrs. Schwartz, who had been in the service of my benefactor as his house-keeper, did not forsake me. We came here together, settled down and made our living since by hard work with washing and dress-making. We wrote to New Orleans several times about Mr. Holmes, but we got no reply. I fear he is dead.

FRANK—(*Aside.*) I will communicate the news of the death of her adopted father another time, (*to Clara.*) You have gone through the severe ordeal of life in your earliest youth already. May your future be so much brighter.

CLARA—(*To Frank.*) You became acquainted with Mr. Holmes in later years. Oh please tell me all you know about him.

FRANK—By chance I met him while traveling in California. We shared many dangers together in the Rocky Mountains. I once saved his life from the Indians who made a sudden attack on our Camp one night, and when I think now—(*he sighs.*)

CLARA—Heavens! You don't mean to say that he is dead?

FRANK—When I left him there he was alive and well. (*Aside.*) I cannot muster courage enough to tell her now of my last sight of him. (*To Clara.*) Business called me to Pennsylvania last year, where I stayed until I was called here as Chief Engineer of a new Railroad to be built in this section.

CLARA—Then you will stay here for some time at least, Mr. Miller.

FRANK—I hope so; and I have no more ardent wish than to stay in your neighborhood.

CLARA—You are too kind, Sir.

FRANK—I, too, am standing solitary and alone in this world. My childhood, too, has been blighted by the dark hand of fate, so you need not be surprised Miss Clara, if I think I have discovered in you some body who is sympathizing with me. I am striving for happiness, but sometimes it appears to me like a double equation in which an unknown quantity has to be sought for, and I sometimes despaired of the probability of its solution. When I lived in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, in the camp of the gold mines, that ideal often returned to my mind.

CLARA—I do not fathom such deep philosophical ideas, but I do wish to feel what thorough happiness is.

FRANK—Oh, Miss Clara, if you were the unknown quantity of my equation, if you resembled my ideal, how happy I would be.

CLARA—Do you think so? Why you are quite a flatterer. Mrs. Schwartz, wouldn't you like to sit down at this table, it is an excellent place to listen to the concert and I feel a little tired.

FRANK—(*Aside.*) Ah, the old lady! I quite forgot all about her. (*To Mrs. Schwartz.*) Oh, yes, an excellent place, this.

They sit down at table, L. Enter Turner and Scheppe.

TURNER—(*To Clara.*) How are you Miss Holmes? Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Count Paul Schulenburg. (*To Scheppe*) Miss Holmes.

SCHIEPPE—Very glad to make your acquaintance.

Orchestra plays behind Scene.

SCHIEPPE—(*To Miss Holmes*) May I have the pleasure of dancing this dance with you?

CLARA—Certainly, Sir.

SCHIEPPE—Thank you, the dance begins just now; let us hasten before they crowd too much on the dancing platform. (*Exit Clara and Scheppe.*)

MRS. SCHWARTZ—Miss Clara is very fond of dancing.

FRANK—Is that so? (*Aside.*) It is very unfortunate that I can't dance, at least no round dances.

MRS. SCHWARTZ—I cheerfully allow the poor child this pleasure; she works so hard all the week, and

she has so very little recreation, so I don't begrudge her a dance at a pic nic once in a while.

FRANK—Especially when a real Count leads her to the dance.

Enter Charles and Myers. Johnson sitting down at a table.

MYERS—I delight in seeing other people dance. When they amuse themselves tripping the light fantastic toe I sit down comfortably making observations.

JOHNSON—You are right on that point.

MYERS—Only by observing the world we can understand it.

JOHNSON—Yes, I like to observe the world, for instance: There at the platform a gentleman steps on a lady's dress. Now he makes he excuses. No wonder that she is mad, her dress is spoiled.

CHARLES—And there a gentleman can't get along in the dance with his lady. By-gosh, she leaves him in the centre of the floor. It is very awkward for him.

MYERS—Another gentleman has engaged her already.

CHARLES—Very good for her.

JOHNSON—I am thirsty. How would it be if we were to make our observations through the focus of filled champaign glasses.

CHARLES—That would be excellent.

JOHNSON—Waiter! (*gives his order.*) There is Count Schulenberg, too, dancing with a pretty girl. Indeed, it is Clara Holmes, the adopted daughter of my landlady.

MYERS—Wonder what brought him to America. Whether he killed somebody in a duel, or could not settle with his creditors, or——

CHARLES—He says he went to this country just to travel for amusement, and that he has large estates in Pommerania.

Re-enter Scheppe and Clara, L. A little distance after them John. Scheppe leads Clara to her seat, and after bowing to her withdraws a few steps, C.

FRANK—If you only knew. Miss Clara, how earnest my feelings are. When I see how this conceited fop, the Count, bestows his attentions on you, I feel like warning you of a danger threatening you.



CLARA—Well, I don't find it so. He is of elegant address, a fine dancer; why should I, at a picnic, repel his company, when the finest circles of our city throng themselves to make his acquaintance?

FRANK—When approaching you with honeyed-words he does not mean well by you. Appearances deceive. The Count is a selfish man and he would destroy your life's happiness without any scruples whatever.

SCHEPPE—Accept my best thanks for the first dance Miss Holmes. I shall take pleasure in calling on you more frequently. Believe me, the fortune of your acquaintance is as dear to me as anything I possess in my native country, and if I had to choose between the two—who knows? Can I have perhaps the pleasure of the next dance?

CLARA—No, thank you, Sir. This time I am too tired. (*Scheppe withdraws.*)

CLARA—(*To Frank.*) To please you I refused.

JOHN—(*Taps Scheppe on the shoulder.*) One word Count. (*To Clara*) be on your watch for him, Miss.

SCHEPPE—Insolent fellow! How dare you address me?

JOHN—You muscht know how it was about the property of dot California gentleman, who came with you to the Hotel and there died.

SCHEPPE—I! How do you come you to ask such an impertinent question?

JOHN—There was no pocket-book and no papers found on him. If Mr. Miller, the young Engineer, had not told us where he came from we would never have known where his home was, py tam!

SCHEPPE—And what is that to you?

JOHN—Oh, nothing, but that the matter looks somewhat suspicious to me.

SCHEPPE—(*Dropping something in John's pocket.*) Sir! How dare you tell me this? But what is the use of having any words with you. Your conduct, too, appears to me very suspicious; maybe the intention is blackmailing or worse. (*Feels in his vest.*) Ah, yes! my watch is gone; it is only you who can have stolen it.

JOHN— So? You are a liar! verdammt kerl. I vout shtand that.

SCHEPPE—(*To Turner, who came near.*) Please call that police officer over here.

Turner goes to R W E. Enter policeman.

SCHEPPE—Arrest this man, he has stolen my watch. (*Pointing at John.*)

JOHN—It ain't true. He is a liar.

SCHEPPE—I saw him putting it in his pocket. It was a gold, hunting-case, Geneva watch, No. 1036.

POLICE—(*Searching John's pocket and drawing out a watch.*) Is this the watch?

SCHEPPE—Yes, it is, No. 1036, you see here? (*Opens watch.*)

POLICE—(*To John.*) You come along to the station house with me.

JOHN—I cannot explain dat matter, der duyvel, or he musht have put dat vatch in mine pocket himself, or some other thief musht have done it.

Enter Jenny, C.

JENNY—John what's going on with you? Why you look quite mad, what is it?

JOHN—I am a thief he says, such a lie! Py tam, I I vant to knock him down, I vout shtand any such foolishness, you pet.

JENNY—I'll scratch out both eyes of the fellow who says that.

JOHN—That fellow there, (*pointing at Scheppe.*)

POLICE—(*To John.*) Come along John.

JOHNSON—(*To John.*) This can't be true. I'll go along with you and go your bail.

MYERS—No, you stay here John. (*To Police.*) The law don't allow you to arrest anybody without warrant on the mere allegations of anybody, unless you have been present when the alleged crime was committed.

JENNY—I deny the allegation.

JOHN—And I defy the allegator.

CHARLES—We'll help you John, although *you* are only a poor working man, *we* know you to be honest and we won't leave you now. (*Shakes hands with John.*)

JOHN—Danks my friend, many danks.

(TABLEAU.) CURTAIN.



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

ARABELLA—Pa, dear, Miss Holmes, my dress-maker, wants to see you a moment on urgent business, she says.

STINE—A large bill, I guess, that I'll have to pay because your pin-money gave out, ain't it so my darling?

CLARA—Nothing of the kind Mr. Stine. I have been sent here by my step-mother, Mrs. Schwartz, who deposits in your bank, she was there to-day and found out that——

STINE—Cut it short, my time is valuable. I expect company, Miss——

CLARA—She wanted to draw her deposit and ascertained to her great grief that the bank had suspended payments, and her hard-earned money lost entirely, or at least part of it.

STINE—It is, the panic has caused this suspension like so many others.

CLARA—My step-mother needs the money at once to pay off a mortgage falling due to-morrow. Weeks ago already she wanted to draw this money but was persuaded by the Cashier to leave it in the bank still longer.

STINE—That's her business not mine.

CLARA—And if she does not get the money by to-morrow, her little house will be sold by the Sheriff. She is too sick to call on you herself, therefore she sends me with the urgent request to exert your influence so that she gets the money now.

STINE—I regret that I can't do anything in this matter. I am President of the Bank it is true, and I own stock in it, but the Bank has received your money, not I. If the Receiver makes a settlement then Mrs. Schwartz will receive as much as falls due on her share. I cannot pay anything that the Bank owes.

ARABELLA—But you could make an exception in this case, dear Pa.

STINE—No, my child. These are business matters of which you don't understand anything. (*To Clara*)

You know now what you've got to say to Mrs. Schwartz, good evening.

CLARA---And this is your last word?

STINE--It is.

CLARA--Then we are ruined; the fruit of years of toil is gone. This is hard! cursed be you serfs of mammon who see their only satisfaction in heaping up riches, even if you should ruin thousands. The almighty dollar is your God, but the curse of your victims will follow you to your grave. (*Exit Clara, C.*)

STINE--That's putting it rather strong. Well, what do I care about this romantic nonsense. I remain what I am and I keep what I've got. It would be a nice state of affairs if any crazy girl could make me act like a fool and shell out. She won't get her money as sure as my name is Stine.

ARABELLA--Pa, you are too hard-hearted, indeed.

STINE--Oh, no. I only pay back to the world with interest, what I got from it. When I was poor I was oppressed, even the poorest Christian thought himself better than I, and made me feel it. Now I take my revenge for it. When I was the peddler, Isaac Stine, wandering with my bag from farm to farm, from village to village, the farmers' children threw stones at me and called out; Jew! Jew! But I remained as good as I was before. The cents I saved became dollars, the dollars I invested in safe and profitable speculations. When the war broke out I paid one thousand shining gold dollars to one general for permit to sell boots, shoes, clothes, tobacco, oysters and whisky, in the camp; then I got a permit to take away the cotton taken from the rebels on our lines and I bought it from the Government for a mere song. Thus I made a fortune that is now invested in United States Bonds bearing six per cent interest without taxes, hahaha! (*rubbing his hands.*) The world takes me to be rich; but not hardly as rich as I really am. They look up to the Bank President because I have got money, because they need me. They throng my entertainments they do homage to you. Yes, I saw that the Count even pays his addresses to you.

ARABELLA—Oh, he is a splendid man, ain't he Pa?

STINE—What do I know? What do I care? I don't like them foppy fellows. Rather give me a solid business man, plain, but wealthy, I prefer him to a nobleman always.

ARABELLA—But to please me, you would not refuse your consent if I would marry him? Ain't I even prepared for any sacrifice to reach that high purpose, and wouldn't I even get baptized to marry him?

STINE—That would be a pity. Our religion is and remains Moses and the prophets. Well, I can't refuse it to you if you want it. Your happiness is more to me than anything else. Since your mother is dead you are my only support, for you I work and speculate. I give myself a deal of trouble, everything simply to make you the daughter of a millionaire, so that when I die, one day, you stand in a high and independent position, for you I do everything.

ARABELLA—Oh, Pa, then you'll do me the favor and give Mrs. Schwartz her money.

STINE—Little fool, to please you I might, perhaps, act so foolish, perhaps in a few days, remind me of it. at present impossible. I intend a big speculation in Western Union telegraph stock which will take all my available funds.

ARABELLA—Well I will take you at your word, Pa.  
(*Exit Arabella and Scherpe, R.*)

Enter Myers, R.

MYERS—Good evening, Mr. Stine. Do you wish to see me?

STINE—Yes, Myers, I've got a very important order for you.

MYERS—You make me feel curious Mr. Stine.

STINE—You know the panic has overtaken us very suddenly, and has shaken the Banks all over the country.

MYERS—(*Aside.*) Aha, probably he is in a fix and wants to discount his paper. (*Aloud.*) Such firms as you are not disturbed by the storm, they stand like oaks, hahaha!

STINE—Very well said, Mr. Myers, even if it is not quite true.

MYERS—What ? Is it possible that your firm, even

STINE—In this country of change nothing is impossible, I have suffered great losses by the Bank whose President I am. It is doubtful whether anything would be left for me if I were to pay my creditors in full to-day, happily, I've got friends who will assist me, if possible. If I then can buy up my notes falling due shortly, amounting to \$60,000, at a discount of not less than thirty to sixty per cent, I would save myself, otherwise insolvency would be inevitable and there would be hardly ten per cent left for my creditors under process of law.

MYERS—Ah, I understand——

STINE—The whole operation must be carried out in the course of this week, secretly ; of course in an underhand way, so that none of the note-holders learns from one of the other note-holders about the purchase of the papers, I give you double of the usual commission and hold at deposit in Bank the sums required for the purchase for which you draw against me ; this is settled then. Here is a list of the notes.

MYERS—(*Taking paper*) I understand very well, hahaha ! You will be satisfied with me, good night.

STINE—Good night, Myers.

MYERS—God, what a man, he beats a Philadelphia lawyer.

STINE—Ha, this will be a fine speculation. Everybody will believe for a few days that I am shaky, although just the reverse is true. Everybody will hasten to sell his notes at a loss without knowing that I am the purchaser myself. So I make at one stroke the trifling sum of 25,000 dollars. My creditors will be enraged when they find it out afterwards, but what do I care, business is business.

Re-enter Arabella and Scheppe, R.

ARABELLA—Ah, here you are yet, pa, instead of looking after your guests. They have missed you since half an hour and inquired for you.

STINE—Troublesome business matters, my child, have spoiled my pleasure. It is panic now and you know that gives me a deal of care.

ARABELLA—Poor pa. You calculate yourself into the grave, if you continue that way.

STINE—No matter, all for your welfare.

SCHEPPE—You ought to take better care of yourself Sir, take life easier and do not work too much.

STINE—Oh, I know very well what I owe as the father of my only daughter.

ARABELLA—Come, Count, one more waltz before supper.

SCHEPPE—Excellent, with you, Miss Stine, I could dance to the very day of doom. (*Aside.*) The old man seems to be troubled about the panic. Who knows how it would be about the dower of his daughter? (*Exit Scheppe and Arabella, R.*)

Enter John.

JOHN—Dunder and blitzen! this verflixte Count is blaying the first fiddle here and I've got to serve him the soup instead of giving him the fat by kicking him on his broad side and make him shut the door from the outhside. Vait shoost, you wind bag, I will after all salt your soup, scamp, I could burst of rage when I takes a look at him. When I should ever come to keep saloon instead of being a servant, and he would cross my door, I will give him fits. I lost my blaze at the Hotel through him and I will fix him for dot.

JENNY—Don't worry yourself, John. you might get the consumption and then you could not marry me.

JOHN—Vat consumption? Consumption of lager beer and bretzels? that's what I likes. Do you see there how he plays the fine fellow to the Jew's daughter?

JENNY—Let him laugh and play. I know the world and I've arrived at the conclusion that society is a humbug. One deceives the other, and when fine people smile they often feel the worst. We common people are better off, when we feel good we have a good time, and when we feel bad we don't conceal it, but we speak out and there will be an explosion.

Enter Johnson, [L] Mrs. Roseberry and Arabella, [R] with Scheppe,

ARABELLA—Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Roseberry, (*who bows.*)



JOHNSON—Happy to make your acquaintance, (*aside*) her face is pretty. (*To Mrs. Roseberry,*) May I have the pleasure to engage you for the next quadrille?

MRS. ROSEBERRY—It has been the first time since half a year that I go to a ball. I mourn the loss of my husband, who died.

JOHNSON—(*Aside.*) An interesting widow. (*To Mrs. Roseberry.*) This must have been a very sad loss to you.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Yes, Sir.

JOHNSON—You ought to cheer up and forget—

MRS. ROSEBERRY—What are all the entertainments the world holds out compared to the heart of a loving husband. O——

JOHNSON—Oh, what a gushing creature. (*Aloud.*) You may be right, but——if your heart is broken by the death of your husband, you ought to get your broken heart re-paired, haha!

ARABELLA—The supper is served, come on, please.

JOHNSON—(*Offering his arm to Mrs. Roseberry.*) May I ask you——(*Aside.*) She wants to marry, I would stake my bottom dollar on that. (*Exit Johnson and Roseberry.*)

SCHEPPE—(*To Arabella.*) At last a moment at which we can converse uninterrupted. How often did I long for this rendezvous; oh, Miss Stine, how splendid it is to trip the light fantastic toe with you. Since I saw you the first time your image has become imprinted in my mind.

ARABELLA—Is that so, really?

SCHEPPE—Arabella, I adore you, I love you, I revere you, without you I can't live. I offer you my hand and heart.

ARABELLA—I am so awfully surprised at your offer that I cannot express in words how flattered I feel by it.

SCHEPPE—You make me the happiest of all mortals.

ARABELLA—One obstacle may be in the way.

SCHEPPE—And this would be?

ARABELLA—My religion.

SCHEPPE—That's nothing. You get baptized and that ends the matter. My noble cousins in Germany

will call this marriage a mes-alliance, though, for the Schulenberg's date back their nobility over thousand years to Charlemagne, but I will defy the opinion of my relations, for I will find at your side the purest happiness, even if you are not born noble.

ARABELLA—Oh, how happy I would feel to come into such circles. We will then live in Europe, Count, won't me? At the watering-places in the summer, at Paris and Berlin in the winter.

SCHEPPE—Oh, certainly, my dear, the fall we spend at my castle in Pommerania, then we go to the races at Baden-Baden. You know I am very fond of races, oh have lost or won 50,000 marks on one horse, upon my honor.

ARABELLA—Oh, how grand!

SCHEPPE—Yes, isn't it interesting when a horse wins by half a length? I tell you the whole affair is exciting, just about the same as when the ball in the roulette jumps from one section of the wheel into the other, balancing on the edge until it falls on one number.

ARABELLA—O, I heard of it once.

Enter John.

JOHN—Supper is served and they are waiting.

ARABELLA—Never mind. He's too stupid. (*To Scheppe.*) At Saratoga, or Long Branch, where the fashionable world in this country spend their summer, there are clubs where there are such pasttimes, but ladies are not admitted, unfortunately.

SCHEPPE—Very awkward, this. In Germany, too, they have abolished the gambling saloons. If you want to follow the noble sport of the jeu you must go to Nice. We shall spend there the next winter.

ARABELLA—But now let us hurry to pa and tell him the happy news.

SCHEPPE—Oh, you needn't be in a hurry, dear Arabella, on the contrary, I wish that our engagement remains secret until I tell you it is time to let the world know. Circumstances beyond my control, whose explanation would lead too far, cause me to make this request, which, of course, you will grant.

ARABELLA—But why this delay, Count?

SCHEPPE—My high position compels me to take regards that I cannot set aside. Only a short while and the secrecy that I impose upon you is dissolved, and you'll stand before the world the bride of Count Paul von Schulenberg. This secrecy is the first proof of love that I ask of you.

ARABELLA—And which I grant from all my heart.

SCHEPPE—(*embracing her.*) Arabella!

JOHN—(*C. door.*) The supper has been served long ago.

SCHEPPE—(*Aside.*) This deucid chap comes always at the wrong time. (*To Arabella.*) How dares this fellow enter a room without knocking at the door, if he knows his mistress is in the room. In Europe no such impudence would be tolerated. (*Aside.*) If I am not mistaken it is the former porter of the hotel where I stopped. (*To Arabella.*) Discharge this insolent fellow, if you please.

ARABELLA—I'll do it the first opportunity, dear Count. (*Exeunt Arabella and Scheppe, C.*)

JOHN—(*Eying the Count.*) There, I have got the Count in hot waters again. Hardly dot smooth-tongued dandy has set his foot into this house and he is already mashter of the situation. Yes, everything in the world depends on cheek or brass. He has got more cheek than one government mule, as he said to me the other day. (*Scene Closes in.*)

SCENE II.—Plain room, tables and chairs. Jenny, Clara, Mrs. Schwartz.

JENNY—(*entering.*) Good morning ladies. Miss Arabella's compliments and she wants to know whether her dress is ready.

CLARA—It ain't ready yet.

JENNY—What is the matter with both of you. You look so down-hearted and sad. Things will change for the better one of these days, so be cheerful. Well Clara, how is it with you, how is your sweet-heart?

CLARA—Oh, you mean well enough, but what do you know about cares and troubles? You live cheerful and contented while we are oppressed with troubles.

JENNY—That'll come out all right yet. Wait until you've married your engineer and then you'll be in



paradise. I wouldn't like to become an old maid either, cheer up.

CLARA--What grieves us so much is that Mrs. Schwartz is going to lose her home if she doesn't pay the mortgage that is due on it. You know the Bank failed in which she deposited her savings.

JENNY--Oh, yes; it's a pity for the snug sum of money, but haven't you tried to borrow so as to get out of trouble?

CLARA--I called on Stine, the banker.

JENNY--Pshaw, he is an old money bag; he has no heart, you bet. I guess he has got a silver dollar at the spot where other people have their heart. Havn't you asked anybody else?

CLARA--No.

JENNY--Well, you are very green folks. At school we used to learn six from five won't go, so I borrow one—and the whole world to-day acts on that principle. Well, I've saved up a little, it's a hundred dollars, you can have them if it's any use to you. I have got them at home in an old wollen stocking in my mattress. Such a bank will never break, it can only get a hole and then I mend it.

CLARA--A thousand thanks, Jenny, but it would not help us, it ain't enough; we need one thousand dollars.

JENNY--One thousand dollars! Lor' a mercy, I never seen so much money as that together in all my life.

MRS. SCHWARTZ--In two hours the auction sale will be on the foreclosed mortgage. Oh, if I only knew where to find help. I had relied entirely on my savings in the bank and now the bank has failed. In the whole city, with all my friends, I was unable to borrow the money; all my hope is gone.

CLARA--Poor, Mrs. Schwartz! Could I only do something to help you. (*Aside.*) I'll ask Frank.

MRS. SCHWARTZ--Dear Clara, I know that your intentions are good, but what do they avail? Since we had to leave the house of Mr. Holmes we are pursued by misfortune. I wish I was dead.

JENNY--Take courage, everything may turn out well yet, good-bye. (*Exit Jenny.*)

MRS. SCHWARTZ--I have lost all hope for the second time, now we are to give up our hearth and home. Is this not enough to drive one into despair?

*Enter Mrs. Roseberry.*

MRS. ROSEBERRY--Good morning! Is the ball dress I ordered ready?

CLARA--Yes, all except a few trifles. It'll become you excellently. It'll match very well your hair, and your complexion.

MRS. ROSEBERRY--Do you think so? Well, I am really anxious to see the dress.

CLARA--(*Going to a table and opening a box.*) Here it is.

MRS. ROSEBERRY--Lovely! Indeed you have taken great pains.

CLARA--Yes, it cost a good deal of time.

*Enter Johnson, advancing towards Mrs. Schwartz, [L] without observing Mrs. Roseberry and Clara.*

JOHNSON--Good morning, Mrs. Schwartz.

MRS. SCHWARTZ--Good morning, Sir.

JOHNSON--To-day is the first of the month, and so I would bring you the rent before going to the store.

MRS. SCHWARTZ--Thank you; it will be the last time, probably, that you pay the rent to me.

JOHNSON--What? Are you going to sell your house?

MRS. SCHWARTZ--No, but the Sheriff will sell it out. A mortgage of 1,000 dollars is due and I can't pay, the bank where I had my money having failed. Oh, heavens!

MRS. ROSEBERRY--(*Drawing nearer.*) What do I hear? You to, a victim of the panic, Mrs. Schwartz? Oh, I am so sorry. (*To Johnson,*) Ah, Mr. Johnson, good morning.

JOHNSON--Good morning, Mrs. Roseberry. You are out pretty early already.

MRS. ROSEBERRY--And a thousand dollars will help you out, you say?

MRS. SCHWARTZ--Yes, but who will give them to me?

JOHNSON--I will, Mrs. Schwartz. I will advance you the amount and you may pay it off whenever it suits you.

MRS. SCHWARTZ—What, Sir? You would be kind enough? Oh, thousand, thousand thanks for your kindness, Mr. Johnson.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—You are a noble, generous gentleman.

JOHNSON—Oh, I only act thus from a mere matter of comfort in order not to be obliged to change lodgings. When a bachelor like I am once has found good quarters it is hard for him to give them up, because he knows pretty well he'll only jump from the frying pan into the fire, so to say. Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Schwartz, no offense intended; and this I would risk, if the house changed hands, although my business pays well enough to afford ten times more expensive quarters, still I stick to my old principles of economy to which I owe, to a considerable part, my start in life.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—If you were to marry, how happy you would make a woman.

JOHNSON—(*Aside.*) Aha! She is gone on me, I bet. She is very attractive, she is lovely. (*Aloud.*) Then I would perhaps be happier than I am now.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—I believe you bachelors are not half as crusty as you appear to be.

JOHNSON—Well, it might depend on a trial. I'll tell you frankly. Before I came to know you I always had a certain dislike against widows.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Really, and why if I may ask?

JOHNSON—It appeared to me they all assumed a certain kind of superiority over us men.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Well, and am I one of those superior beings?

JOHNSON—(*Aside.*) She is a daisy. (*To Mrs. R.*) Well, no, that is to say, I think you rather are. (*Aside.*) Hang it! I came pretty near making a fool of myself. (*Aloud.*) Well, excuse me, but don't you think the panic has injured the dry goods trade, ah?

MRS. ROSEBERRY—I wasn't talking about the dry goods trade, Mr. Johnson, I was talking about the blessings of wedded life, but it seems to me you are flying off on a tangent. This ain't quite fair.

JOHNSON—(*Aside.*) She has got it bad.—You cannot deny ma'am, that marriage and dry goods bills are

very closely related subjects. You can't deny it.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Mr. Johnson, I plead the soft impeachment, but what of it?

JOHNSON—I've seen the wrecks of many a princely fortune scattered on the highways and by-ways of society. And what was the cause of it? Extravagance in dress, putting on style, fashionable living beyond their means. That's what did it.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—But my dear Mr. Johnson these are exceptions to the rule, a good wife, such as you may find it in nine out of ten girls, will help her husband to get on in the world, she will cheer him up, when he comes home from his days work, she will cook him his favorite dishes and sew on his buttons, what more do you want?

JOHNSON—These are the exceptions and they but prove the rule. Your young ladies are heartless creatures, who want to dress in style and only care for the money of the fellow they marry.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—I say no. You are unjust in your sweeping assertions against our sex.

JOHNSON—A sweeping wife, that's what I would want. One who wouldn't feel it beneath her dignity to sweep out the house herself, one who would brighten my home like a ray of sun-light as it were, but it would be a very hard job and next to impossible to find such a wife.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Perhaps not as hard as you imagine.

JOHNSON—Oh, I don't give it up quite yet. There is no telling. In fact I believe (*meaningly*) I will find her in the sweet by and by. But excuse me, urgent business calls me to the Court House in the interest of the old lady. Another time I hope to have the pleasure of continuing this interesting conversation. Good morning.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Good morning, Mr. Johnson. (*Exit Johnson.*) He does not want to understand me or does he simply try to fool me? He is somewhat eccentric, really, but if dexterously manipulated he can be managed easily.

CLARA—Your dress is ready now, ma'am.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Will you bring it to my house, please, in the course of a day?

CLARA—All right. Well what do you think of our tenant? Ain't he an excellent gentleman to help us in our need?

MRS. SCHWARTZ—Yes, a friend in need is a friend indeed. Such men are rare in these times.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Yes, you may consider yourself lucky. Then you send me the dress and the bill, receipted, Miss Clara. Good morning.

CLARA—Good morning, ma'am. (*Exit Mrs. Roseberry and Mrs. Schwartz.*)

Enter Scheppe. C.

SCHEPPE—Good morning, Miss Clara, I come to see how you are.

CLARA—Thank you, take a seat Count.

SCHEPPE—Much obliged, Miss Clara. I have a very important communication to make to you.

CLARA—I am at your service.

SCHEPPE—You must have observed, Miss Clara, that you made a deep impression on me at our very first meeting.

CLARA—I don't know.

SCHEPPE—In your beauty and your accomplishments is the enchanting attraction you exercised over me. But to be brief, Clara, I love you, and I offer you my hand and heart.

CLARA—(*Rising.*) Impossible, Sir!

SCHEPPE—Oh, no, Clara, very natural. You reciprocate my feelings I know from the picnic. Do not refuse me, a splendid existence awaits you at my side.

CLARA—And were you to offer me all the treasures on earth, I could not accept your proposition.

SCHEPPE—I hold the key to your fortune. I cannot yet give you any detailed explanation about it, but depend upon, it is so. Be mine and wealth and luxury shall surround you.

CLARA—True love does not care for wealth and cannot be purchased by it.

SCHEPPE—Then your heart has decided already?

CLARA—Yes.



SCHEPPE—And may I ask who my fortunate rival is? (*Aside.*) I've still got the banker's daughter, nothing like two strings on one bow.

Enter Frank and John.

SCHEPPE—Ah, it is him!

CLARA—Oh, Frank, I had expected you long ago already. (*She advances towards Frank.*)

FRANK—My dear darling, business kept me, and then I also procured John a situation as switchman on a way-station on our road, three miles from town, he having lost his place at the banker's.

JOHN—(*Advancing towards Scheppe and eying him.*) Yes, by this man! Some time ago I catch hotel thieves now I place switches and keep the track clear. A fellow muscht undershtand many things to make a living if he's not a lazy loafer, like some men with a handle to their name are, allez hop. (*Clara, Mr. Miller and Count Schulenberg.*) (*Pointing at Scheppe.*) Ausgespielt!

SCHEPPE—*Aside.*] It is him who has caught the rich heiress. (*Goes to door C, there waits.*)

FRANK—This evening we will celebrate our engagement by a supper at Washington Park, invite all friends. I've got a tunnel to inspect ten miles from town and will return by train at half past five this evening.

CLARA—This evening? Oh, how glad I am Frank! How heavy time is on my hands when you are away.

FRANK—And I am drawn from my surveys and calculations by a magnetic force to a little room where a blonde, curly-headed girl, with blue eyes, is bent over her work thinking of her Frank! Good bye.

CLARA—Incorrigible joker!

FRANK—(*Observing Scheppe at the door.*) Sir, you cannot have failed to observe, if you have the least power of observation, that your presence is not required here any further.

SCHEPPE—(*Bowing to Clara.*) Good morning, Miss Clara. (*To Frank.*) We'll see us again some other time, sir, and then I'll get even with you. (*Aside.*) He must be put out of the way.

JOHN—(*Opening door for Scheppe.*) This way out, Mister Count, this way, next time you had better look for your watch. (*Compliments to the door.*)

SCENE.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE 1. Little Railroad Depot. Trestlework. Bridge on R U E. Platform in front, across the stage from R to L U E. Depot building, L, with practicable door and upper window bench at side of door. When curtain rises John is rolling a keg across the platform.

JOHN—I am a railroad man now. I like that employment better than porter in a hotel or servant in the house of a bloated Bank President. A keg of cider for the Reverend Josiah Hardwell, (*smells of it*) hahaha, dot ish good, dot bill of lading says cider, but the shmell says it is whiskey. Der dyvel, that white-chockered fellow forbids us to drink lager beer here in the country, but he takes his snapps on the sly. Dot ish the way de world goes. How many dings you see labelled, but when you comes to look into them you find quite another ding behind, and so it is mit peoples. Dat banker daughter, Miss Arabella, vat discharged me from my situation was a good girl, but now she is quite different. I don't know whether she has her label since dot Count Schulenberg, der spitz-bub has gone in love mit her. Well, I don't care if she does. But I haven't heard of Jenny for a good while, perhaps that fat baker fellow is courting her while I am gone. I'll write that postal card to her right away that I wanted to write for the past three weeks. (*Draws card and pencil from his pocket, sits down and writes.*) Dear Jenny! That's a good beginning. I cannot shtand it here any longer without you. I am lonely— I have found a fine lease; how do they spell that, oh, yes, l-i-z-e; come and see me. The air is healthy, plenty of cows to give fine, good milk. I musht take a glass of lager, the lasht bottle I've got. (*Opens bottle to drink, then sits down to write again.*) Vell, what is de use to write any more. The more I drink lager the less I wants to write, I better closed it. Your loving John, Wild Cat Station, three miles from town. (*Rises and puts card in a box near the door.*)

Enter Scheppe.

SCHEPPE—(*Disguised as a farmer.*) Good day, Sir. When does the next train leave here for the city.

JOHN—The lasht train this afternoon passed by just ten minutes ago. There is only two trains to pass here yet. One is what de call the inshtuction train, the other is the express, both of them don't stop here but they run to town direct.

PAUL—Why, why, how punctual these railroads be. I'd been a thinking ten minutes more or less wouldn't make a big difference anyhow. Well, what am I to do?

JOHN—Walk to town or go to the next turn pike where you probably meet with a wagon.

PAUL—Well, I'll reckon I'll have to walk. Say, what's the use of that red flag there. (*Pointing at a flag which is at the door of the depot building.*)

JOHN—What, don't you know that? That is for making trains shtop when the track is not clear or danger ahead.

PAUL—Is that so? Suppose now you want to make the train stop yonder? (*Points to back of stage.*)

JOHN—Then I would want to cross the bridge and plant the flag there, otherwise the train will not be stopped before the bridge is reached.

PAUL—You don't say so? And do you ever stop the construction train for passengers?

JOHN—That is againscht the rules of this road.

PAUL—If its against the rules all right. There's nothing like discipline, as I used to say when I served in the Mexican war.

JOHN—You are an old veteran, then?

PAUL—Well, yes, about sixty; but as lively as a young rooster yet. (*Taking out flask.*) That's what keeps me healthy. (*Aside.*) The best sleeping draught in the world, opium and whiskey. (*Aloud.*) Take a smile of it, good old Bourbon.

JOHN—No, thanks, it is againsht the rules, as I told you before.

PAUL—Why, it'll do you good, it's the best thing in the world to keep a man up when working hard, take a smile, do. (*He puts the flask to his lip.*) Here's



good luck to you.

JOHN—(*Aside*) He didn't take a drop. That's suspicious, may be he wants to make me drunk. (*Taking the flask to his lips.*) Good luck! Gesundheit! und langes leben?

PAUL—(*Aside*.) It'll operate soon.

JOHN—(*Aside*.) I did not drink a drop, but I watch him. (*Aloud.*) I feel pretty tired of my day's work. I tells you I'd rather keep bar in the city, than work and shtand around here all day.

PAUL—No wonder its hard work, but I suppose it pays well; don't you feel tired.

JOHN—Yes, I do feel sleepy.

PAUL—Take it easy my friend.

JOHN—(*Aside*.) I'll shoost make him believe that I was going to sleey. (*ings.*) "All around the market house, all around the eagle, that's the way the money goes, pop goes the weasel." (*With the last word he stretches out on a bench, saying,*) I am going to take a nap, (*snores.*)

PAUL—(*Watching him.*) Take it easy my friend, take it easy. That fool won't trouble anybody for several hours to come. Twenty minutes yet to settle the fate of Frank's train. Now to work. (*He goes behind the depot building preparing with a rail, going to bridge.*) This rail spiked on the track will throw the train off the bridge.

JOHN—(*As soon as Paul has turned his back on him, he goes after him on tip toe.*)

PAUL—(*Turning around, seeing him,*) Ha, he watched me.

JOHN—So? (*rushing at him, grabbing him by the throat.*) You wan't to shtop the instruction train do you? Rascal, I've got you now, I shadowed you, I take you prisoner, old tramp!

PAUL—(*Grabbing him by the throat with his left hand and drawing a sling shot with his right hand out of a breast pocket.*) No, you can't do it my friend, take that. (*He knocks John on the head who is then staggering. Scheppe pushes him from the bridge. John falling.*) He is disposed of a fall of thirty feet, is enough to kill any Dutchman. Now to work. This

spike will fasten the tie across the track excellently. Its all fixed now, now a few minutes and the accident will have happened and the papers to-morrow will report: "Great railroad accident; a construction train thrown from a trestle-work, all persons on board killed. Among those will be my friend Frank Miller, who has spoiled my nice plan on the Holmes' estate, by snatching Clara from me, without even knowing that by Holmes' last will she is heiress of a half million. When he is disposed of I might get the girl yet, perhaps, and at the worst I sell that last will to Holmes' brother for a big round sum, he certainly will pay a good price for it.

Eater Clara, L U E, dressed plain with a red shawl on.

CLARA—It will be a surprise to Frank to find me here, expecting me on his return to town. But I must get John to flag the train, where is he? John, John, oh John! (*she advances towards R L E.*) He is not at his post as he ought to be. I suspect there has been foul play. What is this? An old man fastening something across the track. O, heaven help me to prevent the execution of this hellish plan to destroy Frank's train and him.

PAUL—That'll do to throw the train down. (*Clara is going behind the depot.*)

CLARA—I'll watch and pray.

PAUL—I'll hide in that depot and watch how things are working, hahaha. I'll take the red flag of danger into the house now. (*he takes flag, crosses threshold of door.*) Dead men tell no tales, it is an old saying, but true.

CLARA—(*Goes into the depot building, slamming the door from behind, turning key.*) Thank God!

PAUL—[*From the inside.*] Open that door or I'll shoot you. [*Knocking at door. Train whistle blowing.*]

CLARA—The train is coming, I must stop it be it at the peril of my life. [*She takes shawl from her shoulder, hurrying to bridge C of stage, waving shawl.*] I must save him or die with him, for without him I will not live. The train is coming. [*She kneels down.*] Heaven help me that they see me in time. [*Three*

*short whistles heard.*] They see me! They swing their handkerchiefs, the train is slackening—it stops! Saved? Saved! [*The forepart of a locomotive seen coming out of R U E.*]

Enter Frank from R U E, running down stage towards

CLARA—Saved! look here, the track torn up and a tie fastened across.

FRANK—(*embracing her.*) My angel, at the risk of your life you have saved me.

SCHEPPE—[*Jumping out from upper window of Depot shoots at them.*]

FRANK—I hope you are not hurt.

CLARA—No, but worn out from the excitement and fatigue. [*she sinks into Franks arms fainting.*]

FRANK—That shot was intended for us, Who may have been that villain? I'll pursue him.

CLARA—[*Fainting in his arms.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Public Garden as in Act II.

PAUL—Cursed my luck, that made my fine laid plan fail to wreck Frank's train. Now there is nothing left me but to sell to old Holmes, the miser, the testament of his brother Fred, whereby he disinherits him, leaving his whole fortune to Clara. The purchase-money will be just in time to help defray traveling expenses for my wedding trip with Arabella.

Enter Fred Holmes, R.

SCHEPPE—Ah, there is the old man already.

FRED HOLMES—[*advancing towards him.*] Ah, there you are, Mister Schulenberg.

SCHEPPE—Count Schulenberg, if you please, Mr. Holmes.

FRED HOLMES—Count, what's the difference; on this side of the great fish pond Counts don't count—here only the dollar counts, Hahaha? You telegraphed me the death of my brother to New Orleans. It was very considerate in you, very considerate; and so I came here and I am much obliged to you for your kindness.

Enter John, L U E.

JOHN--There he is. I'll watch him.

SCHEPPE--Did you make up your mind what to pay me for the last will and testament of your late brother Casper Holmes?

FRED HOLMES--Have you got the testament?

SCHEPPE--Here it is in my breast pocket.

FRED HOLMES--Ten thousand dollars--of which one thousand dollars cash on delivery of the document, the balance when everything is correct.

SCHEPPE--This is not enough. Do you think I would give away half a million for such a trifle?

FRED HOLMES--Just as you think. From the copy you furnished of the will I see that the official certificate is rather defective. I could contest it on that account, if I liked.

SCHEPPE--According to the State law of California it is quite correct. You would lose the suit without doubt.

FRED HOLMES--Perhaps, perhaps not. [*Turns to go.*] A bird in the hand is better than a flock in the bush, you know. Haha? I'll make it two thousand cash.

SCHEPPE--I accept your proposition. Pay the money at once and I deliver you the document.

FRED HOLMES--Not so fast my friend. Do you think I carry with me as much money as that, and after dark, too? No! Call on me at ten o'clock this evening, at room 16, Southern Hotel, where I stop. Then we'll settle the whole matter.

SCHEPPE--[*Aside*] Hang it! I'll then have to defer my departure with Arabella until to-morrow. [*To Holmes.*] Very well.

FRED HOLMES--At ten o'clock then; be punctual my friend. [*Exit Holmes, R.*]

SCHEPPE--My friend! Old rascal!

Enter Arabella, L.

SCHEPPE -[*Advancing towards her.*] My darling at last you come. Are you prepared for our trip?

ARABELLA--I am, you see, dear Paul, here is my baggage (*holding up a small traveling valise.*) A few articles of toilet and my jewels, enough for a short

wedding trip. I know well enough pa will urge us to return as soon as I write him of our marriage.

SCHÉPPE—That would be excellent in the other case, we might travel direct to Europe to live on one of my estates at Stettin. However, before we start, I'll take care of your jewelry. It might get lost on our trip.

ARABELLA—If you think you had better take it, certainly. (*Opens valise, hands casket to Paul, who puts it in his breast pocket.*) Here Paul, but guard it safely.

SCHÉPPE—Don't you be afraid my love. Here on my heart, which beats for you only, the jewels shall rest, whose splendor is excelled only by your beauty. (*Aside.*) I must look out for myself by all means. There is no telling what might happen, (*To Arabella.*) Ah? by the way, I have got an important business transaction to finish to-night and so I'll have to ask you to defer our departure until to-morrow morning.

ARABELLA—Must it be, Paul? Can't it be delayed.

SCHÉPPE—No, not without serious loss to me.

ARABELLA—Well, I'll consent to your wishes, if it can't be avoided.

SCHÉPPE—My darling, before we part for to-night let us have a good talk in that garden house over there.

John, who keeps in back ground crosses the stage. Enter Stine, R.

STINE—Good morning, Arabella. (*To Scheppe.*) One word with you alone, sir.

SCHÉPPE—I am at your service, Mr. Stine.

ARABELLA—Should my father have heard something of our plan?

STINE—This way if you please—so that my daughter can't overhear our conversation.

SCHÉPPE—Well, sir? (*They come down stage, R C.*)

STINE—You are not the one who you profess to be

SCHÉPPE—Sir?

STINE—Don't interrupt me until I have finished. From a correspondent of mine in Chicago I received your photograph taken at police headquarters there, with a circular wherein you are wanted for forgery. Your true name is Paul Schoeppe. Detectives are on



your trail already.

SCHEPPE—This is not so.

STINE—You know very well it is. As you had the run of my house I wish to avoid your arrest. I therefore advise you to leave this city immediately. Not one word to my daughter or I'll have you arrested on the spot.

SCHEPPE—It is simply an intrigue against me by some enemy, but I yield to circumstances and accept your proposition.

STINE—Hurry away as soon as possible. (*Hands him a bank-note.*) Arabella, we'll go home now.

ARRABELLA—Good night Paul.

*Exit Stine and Arabella.*

SCHEPPE—If I haven't secured the golden bird I have got, at least, his valuable feathers. Now to the hotel.

*Enter John, L U E.*

JOHN—(*Advancing towards Paul.*) I say, look here! Hold on, hold on! don't walk so fasht, mine friend.

SCHEPPE—Get out of my way, you damned fool.

JOHN—So! Have you not lost somedings?

SCHEPPE—I? How do you come to ask me that question?

JOHN—Vat I means ish plain. You have losht that paper vat you want to sell to that old gentleman at the hotel. How can you sell vat you have not got, der duyvel?

SCHEPPE—What? Are you crazy?

JOHN—No, I guess aber not. I found an envelope what contained one big paper with a big seal on it, and at the top of it was written, in large letters, "Testament of Casper Holmes," and there was a card in that envelope with your name. You pet, here it is. (*Showing him the paper.*)

SCHEPPE—A friend of mine, whom I had given the paper must have lost it. Hand it to me, here is a hundred dollars reward. (*Takes a bank note out of his vest pocket, offering it to John.*)

JOHN—So! I will not let you off as easy as that this time, you pet. Nix come rouse!

SCHEPPE—(*Feeling in his pocket. Aside.*) I really have lost it, give it to me at once! (*He puts his hands*



to his pistol pocket, draws pistol and stretches his other hand out for the paper.

JOHN—(*Drawing revolver from breast pocket pointing at Paul.*) Shtop, Billy drop your pistol right away or I'll shoot you down like a dog. I have shpotted you all along.

SCHEPPE—(*Drops pistol.*) Damned!

JOHN—I have got the drops on you this time Count Paul Schoeppe! You are a shnide and I suspected you since I have seen you for the first time. Now you shoost tells me whetter you are not yourself dat friend vat loscht dat paper at the railroad bridge, and tore up the track, and threw me down from the bridge. Answer or I will shoot.

SCHOEPPPE—Yes.

JOHN—And you poisoned old Holmes and stole his testament. Vell, then, you can go. I mean you will take one walk mit me to the next police station. If you try to escape you get one blue bean between your ribs. I wont shtand very much foolishness, you pet. If I had not fallen on a heap of sand at the bridge I would be killed and you would have it all your own way. Hands up, I say! March on—one two, one two, to the left, one two—Eins zwei, eins zwei. *Exit John and Scheppe, whips heard behind Scene.*

Enter Mrs. Schwartz, Frank, Clara, Johnson, Mrs. Roseberry, Myers and other Guest.

FRANK—Here I have ordered a little wedding banquet. The Squire will be here pretty soon.

MRS. SCHWARTZ—This is the finest evening of my life Clara. It gives me great pleasure to know you to be engaged to such an excellent young man as Mr. Miller.

CLARA—I am still shuddering when I think in what danger we were, both of us.

FRANK—We have so much more reason now to be joyful.

JOHNSON—And peace is never so delightful as just after a skirmish.

MRS. ROSEBERRY—Do you think so, really, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON—I do, it was a very good idea of Clara to

invite both of us. We are at leisure now to continue our conversation of this morning. (*They go to back of stage sit down in conversation.*)

MYERS—Let them spooneys have their fun, we'll take a glass of champagne on the health of the couple that is going to be married. Fill your glasses all around now. Here is to the health of Mr. Miller and Miss Holmes. Hurrah!

Enter John, R. Jenny, left

JENNY—I was looking for you John, and at last I meet you. Mean, sneaking, Mormon cuss, didn't you write me that you had got a Lotta and a Lizzie? and do you really think I would live with you?

JOHN—Vat you thinks, anyhow? I did not mean a Lotta, I wrote I had got one lotte, one place to build a house; and one lease, I mean one paper to rent der place for twenty dollars one year, for ten years. Dat ish a good locashin for one grocery and saloon.

JENNY—Ah, that's it, then your spelling only is wrong but your intention was correct. You know it takes money to set up in business.

JOHN—Soh? Dat ish vat makes so many business up-set. Ah, yes, yes, money, dat ish true; money makes the mare go as the Yankee says. I forgotten all about money in dese hard times, oh Jeminy.

JENNY—You know I lost mine in the Savings Bank.

JOHN—You did? Oh der duyvel; I don't like those panks. Mocht nix aus! Vait a leedle und I will save enough from my wages, but I've got somedings to deliver to Miss Clara. (*To Clara,*) Miss Clara I wish you much happiness and here I bring you some dings dat belongs to you. When I had that fight mit dat false Count in disguise, I recovers my senses after I had fallen from that bridge, I find at my side dat big envelope with one big paper in it. The *Testament of Casper Holmes*, and you are named as his heiress. I borrowed one horse from the next farmer and so come here.

CLARA—The last will and Testament of my poor, dear step.father. Thank you John, from all my heart.

JOHN—The false Count had shtolen it, and he was

dat old farmer what tried to throw dat train from the track.

JENNY—The villain. I thought that there was not an honest hair on his head.

FRANK—Then the fortune of Casper Holmes now belongs to you Clara. Maybe you'll give me the slip now because I ain't good enough for you any more, now that you are a rich heiress.

CLARA—Oh, Frank, how can you talk so, bad boy!

JOHN—So? Vell, I like to see good peoples come to their rights and bap peoples punished.

Enter Casper Holmes and Turner.

TURNER—What's going on here, I must see?

C. HOLMS—Good evening folks, good evening! (*Frank and the whole crowd rising.*) Here I meet you all together. It makes me feel like old times.

FRANK—Is it possible—can I trust my eyes? Casper Holms, my old friend!

C. HOLMS—Yes, it is me.

CLARA—Dear father, how happy I am to see you again. Is it a miracle?

HOLMS—Dear Clara, welcome to you. Yes, it is me, resurrected from the dead. That villain, Count Schulenberg, had given me a narcotic poison. I got paralyzed and was pronounced dead by the doctor. They brought my body to the vault of the hospital, when I came to and was saved by antidotes. Almost two weeks I was between life and death.

TURNER—Why, that's a big item, I'll skoop all the other papers on that. (*Makes note in his pocket book.*)

CLARA—Heaven be thanked! Then I was falsely informed by the warden of the hospital as to your funeral.

FRANK—Well, so much the better. Uncle Holms here is my wife! that is to be—

HOLMS—Well, well, that *was* quick work, no wonder Clara you have become so pretty that he couldn't help being captivated by you. Well, children, take my best wishes, nothing shall separate us in the future, and I'll fit up your household. My fortune in California is saved, I had thought of you already and made you my heiress, Clara.

FRANK—And the Count had stolen the testament from you. here it is, John found it.

HOLMS—My money is for you to use, we will live together right happily.

MRS. SCHWARTZ—Money always comes handy when one goes to housekeeping.

TURNER—(*To Frank*) I congratulate you, my friend. I say, can't you lend me five dollars, I've got a small bill to pay my tailor, you know.

JENNY—Poverty is no disgrace, but wealth is a very acceptable virtue, anyway.

CLARA—I've got a treasure here that is worth more than all riches in this world, a loving heart, a clear head and two strong arms, belong to me. (*Pointing to Frank*)

FRANK—And you I would not part with for all the treasures of the bonanza mines.

JOHNSON—Correct. Engagements are all the rage like walking matches, and so I have the pleasure to announce to you ladies and gentlemen that we too, myself and Mrs. Roseberry, are engaged to run a walking match for life.

JENNY—And so are we, John and myself. I am tired of being a servant for others, I want to rule my own household. If we women haven't got the right of suffrage we have got at least home rule.

JOHN—Dat is correct like one church account.

JENNY—Everything must be correct with me, always mark that down and report it Mr. Turner.

Enter Stine, R.

STINE—Has anybody seen Schulenberg, the false Count? He has stolen the diamonds of my daughter, worth two thousand dollars.

JOAN—Vat do you give me if I tell you where the diamonds are?

STINE—Fifty dollars!

JOHN—Dat ish not enough. Nix come rouse!

STINE—Hundred!

JOHN—No, py tam!

STINE—Two hundred.

JOHN—No go.

STINE—Three, four, five hundred dollars, and not a cent more.

JOHN—I takes it, give dat money.

STINE—I have not got it with me, but if everything proves correct, i will pay to-morrow. These ladies and gentlemen are witnesses.

JOHN—So! All right. Dose diamonds you will find at the next police station, around the corner. They dook them from the Count. I arrested him; yes, I von't shtand very much foolishness, you pet! Now, Shenny, we have got money enough to marry, and to shtart in the saloon business.

JENNY—All correct!

HOLMS—Hurrah for all engaged couples! *All*: hurrah!!!

(CURTAIN.)











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